

All That Grace, All That Body

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All That Grace, All That Body

by [myschiefsys](#)

Summary

Angel's car breaks down while on a road trip with Cherri. With a storm rolling in, the only place to stay is a run-down hotel in the middle of nowhere.

OR

Human AU with huskerdust, scheming Alastor, and bored Cherri.

title: Young & Beautiful by Lana Del Rey

Notes

first time doing an AU! also publishing chapters spread out, instead of all at once. guess I wanna torture y'all or somethin'

chapter title: we fell in love in october by girl in red

Chapter 1: Smoking Cigarettes On The Roof

“Goddammit,” Husk grumbles, checking his phone. “Fuck I’m gonna be late.”

He stumbles out of bed and into the hallway, almost running into his roommate Alastor. “Hello, Husker. Good Morning.” He says cheerily, the same smile as always plastered across his face.

When Husk responded to the ad for a roommate almost a full ten years ago, he wasn’t expecting *this*. More specifically, he wasn’t expecting *Alastor*. He went to what he thought was an interview only to be met by a tall, skinny, tan man with a *very* prominent smile. He told Husk that he was more than welcome to move in whenever, while Husk was still trying to figure out what the hell was going on.

But, he was broke and desperate. And that’s always when the worst decisions are made. So he moved in. And despite him being more than a little uncomfortable around Alastor, he stayed. And somewhere along the line of the past ten years, they even became friends.

“Mornin’.” Husk grumbles, brushing past Alastor to get to the bathroom.

By the time he finishes in there, Alastor is already gone, probably waiting in the car. Husk glances at the clock and cringes, grabbing his things faster before meeting Alastor in the car.

“We’re going to be late, Husker,” Alastor says, patiently adjusting his rearview mirror.

“Charlie won’t care.” Husk grunts, clicking his seatbelt into place. He’s known Alastor long enough to know that he won’t move the car an inch unless everyone has their seatbelt on.

“Maybe not, but *I* am a fan of punctuality.” Alastor’s eye twitches behind his glasses.

Husk is a brave man. Hell, he's been through a literal war, but Alastor scares him. He isn't sure what it is about him but something is just *off*. But, he hasn't done anything to hurt Husk or anyone he loves so he supposes he doesn't care too much.

They get to work and sure enough, Charlie doesn't mind that they're late. Her girlfriend, Vaggie, who is standing beside her when they arrive, gives them a murderous look but doesn't say anything. They leave, giving the night crew, aka only Husker and Alastor, free rein of the hotel.

Husk sits behind the front desk, feet up on the counter. "You up for a game of poker?" He smiles at Alastor, shuffling cards.

"We're supposed to *work*, Husker." Alastor reprimands, his eyes lingering on the cards. "But one round wouldn't hurt."

"I SAID THAT'S NOT CHEATIN' IF I WASN'T WITH YO ASS YO!!!" Angel sings at the top of his lungs, his smile huge as he turns to look at his best friend, Cherri in the passenger seat.

"YOU KEPT SECRETS AND YO COUSIN TOLD ME THAT SO!" Cherri continues, hitting her knee with her fist to emphasize her words.

When Angel and Cherri met in high school, they weren't exactly friends. Angel, or as he was known then, Anthony, was a part of the theatre kids. Cherri was one of the 'rebels'. But one day, as forced partners in their algebra class, they got to talking.

Cherri found out Anthony was only in the theatre program for the attention and Anthony found out that Cherri just wore a lot of 'edgy' clothes and was actually a good kid.

And that day, they became inseparable. And incredibly obnoxious.

But, they were there for each other no matter what. Anthony was a shoulder to cry on when Cherri's ex broke up with her. And Cherri was there to beat Anthony's ex-boyfriend into the dirt when he slapped him. They were together when Cherri's mom died and when Anthony ran away from his dad.

They're together through everything, and they know they always will be.

Chapter 2: Hate Feeling Like I'm Not In Control

Chapter Notes

chapter title: Scrawny by Wallows

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“‘Cause I’m just a teenage dirtb-“ Angel’s singing is cut short as his car suddenly emits a loud clunk, followed by the speed rapidly declining. “Uh, what the fuck?”

“Ang, what’d you do?” Cherri asks, slowly growing more concerned the slower the car gets.

“I didn’t do shit!” Angel says, twisting the steering wheel so that when they eventually roll to a stop, they do so on the side of the road instead of in the middle. “What the fuck?” Angel repeats, turning the car off. He turns the key again, cringing when the car splutters in response. He gives up, leaning back in his seat.

“Okay, what now?” Cherri says slowly.

“You got a signal?” Angel asks, pulling out his phone.

“Yeah, ‘cause my plan isn’t shit.” Cherri mumbles, tapping out a tow-truck number and hitting the call button. She inspects her nails, waiting for them to pick up. “Hi!” She straightens up, staring straight forward like she’s having a conversation with someone invisible. “Yes, my friend and I are stranded. Our car broke down. Yes. Uh, right off of Highway 66. Yes. Mhm. Thanks!”

She tosses her phone into her bag and relaxes against the chair. “Now we wait.”

Almost a full hour later, a tow truck pulls up in front of the car. Angel and Cherri grab their belongings and hop out of the car, walking towards the man lumbering out of the truck in front of them. “You ladies okay?”

Cherri heard Angel barely stifle a giggle. She’ll be honest, at the moment, Angel doesn’t look much like a man. He’s wearing a crop top, fishnets, and a skirt. Not to mention thigh-high stripper heels. So, she isn’t the slightest bit surprised when the tow truck driver thinks they’re both women.

“Yes, we’re okay.” Cherri answers.

“Good.” The driver is a bit creepy, but nothing the pair can’t handle. “So, what’s the problem with the car.”

“You tell us.” Angel jokes. Cherri can see the driver physically recoil away from him when he realizes he isn’t a girl.

“Oh. Um. Let me take a look.” He glances towards Cherri and then at Angel before moving over to the car. He pops the hood open and starts investigating. “Okay.” He says, straightening up. “Looks like your engine is shot halfway to hell and your belt is almost completely shredded. When’s the last time you took this into the shop?”

Angel clears his throat nervously. “Um, never.”

Cherri looks over at him. “What the fuck? Are you serious?”

Angel bites his lip, his unnaturally sharp teeth digging into his skin. “I dunno, man. Not like I have the money to pay for it.”

Cherri shrugs and turns back to the driver. “Alright, how long until we can blow this joint?”

“You’re kidding, right?” He laughs. “This shit is going to take *days* to fix.” His gaze turns predatory as he stalks towards the two. “Y’know, if ya need a place to stay I have room.”

Angel smirks and casually removes a pocket knife from his pocket, flipping it open. He starts using it to clear under his acrylic nails. “What do ya think, Cher?”

Cherri smiles widely, flicking open her own knife. “I dunno...”

The driver swallows and laughs nervously. “Okay, there is a hotel a few miles down the road, I can drop ya off.”

Both Angel and Cherri close their blades simultaneously. “Perfect!” Cherri says chipperly.

They get into the back of the tow man’s truck after he hooks up their car. The entire way to the hotel, the driver keeps shooting anxious looks at the pair through the rearview mirror. Each time they make eye contact, Cherri smiles as widely as she can. It effectively keeps him from any more threats.

Chapter End Notes

posting an extra one for right now cause im bein' nice today

Chapter 3: Half Love, Half Regret

Chapter Notes

chapter title: Sex, Drugs, Ect. by beach weather

hey btw, did not proofread this, i can barely keep my eyes open im so freaking tired.
wanted to post this before sleeping so if it doesn't make sense, yell at me in the morning
im too eepy rn

“Okay, this is it.” The driver says, parking the truck.

Angel and Cherri look out the window at the run-down hotel in front of them before looking back at the driver. “You can’t be serious,” Cherri says flatly.

“I am!” The driver assures her. “Please get out of my truck. I’ll tow your car to the mechanic. Here’s their phone number.” The driver hands Cherri a piece of paper before ushering them out of his truck. They scramble to grab all of their belongings and before they know it, they’re standing outside the hotel, its red paint peeling.

“Well, this looks...” Angel starts, gesturing to the hotel.

“Inviting?” Cherri supplies.

Angel shrugs and grabs Cherri’s hand, walking into the hotel. It smells like mold and faint cinnamon. “Hello?” Angel calls out, closing the big double doors behind him.

“Hello!” A lanky man appears out of seemingly nowhere, aggressively shaking Angel’s hand and then Cherri’s before either of them has a chance to react to anything. “Pleasure to meet you, my name is Alastor. I’m the hotel’s financial advisor. How can I help you?”

“Uh..” Angel starts, still startled by the man’s sudden appearance. “We wanna... check in...”

“Splendid!” He pulls out a clipboard from only God knows where and hands it to the pair. “If you would be so kind as to fill this out, we can get you a room!”

Angel and Cherri take turns filling out the form and Alastor takes the completed papers into the back, returning a few moments later with a set of keys. He hands one to each person and then just stands there smiling.

“Uh, ya got a bar or somethin’?” Angel asks, desperate to move out of this guy’s eyeline. “Today has been real fuckin’ stressful.”

“Yes, indeedy we do!” Alastor says, pointing off to the right. “Help yourself!”

Angel pauses, observing Alastor. *Who the fuck says ‘indeedy’?* However, the craving for alcohol quickly overpowers his confusion, so he follows where Alastor pointed and finds the bar. It looks more modern than the rest of the hotel.

A man with black and white hair has his back turned to Angel, pointing at various drinks while muttering to himself. Angel sits down on one of the bar stools and waits.

“Okay, so gonna need about four more bottles of that, and two more of that...” He continues mumbling, before turning around. “Other than that we’re go- AH SHIT!” He finally spotted Angel, waiting patiently for him at the counter.

“Hi!” Angel says happily.

“Where did you come from?”

“Brooklyn.”

The man rolls his eyes, running a hand through his hair. “Okay, whatever. What do you want?”

“Your name for starters.” Angel smiles, leaning forward. The man is quite attractive in a rugged way that makes Angel’s stomach swoop.

“Husker.” He says gruffly.

“Okay Husky,” Angel laughs as Husk’s eye twitches. “I’m Angel.”

“Ok.” Husk sniffs. “What do you want?”

Angel takes a deep breath, steadying himself. He’s used to people flirting like this, but he’s not so sure Husk *is* flirting. “Well~” He starts suggestively.

“*What do you want **to drink**?*” Husk clarifies, gritting his teeth.

“I can think of a few things.” Angel purrs, looking Husk slowly up and down. “A whiskey, please.” He says finally, not wanting to push the poor bartender.

Husk mumbles to himself, grabbing a bottle off the top shelf. He pours the drink and slides it to Angel, who catches it and downs it in one go.

“Damn,” Husk says. “Not even gonna savor it?”

“Savor what? I’ve had straight whiskey before. Nothing to moan over.”

Husk looks at Angel in barely contained disgust. “I think you just need to learn to slow down and appreciate things.”

“Maybe ya should take your own advice,” Angel mutters, playing with the empty glass.

“Maybe you should learn to shut the fuck up.” Husk growls.

Angel narrows his eyes at him, all sense of flirting gone. “Maybe *you* should take the *stick* out ya ass.”

“*Maybe you should cover up!*” Husk sneers, looking at his outfit distastefully.

“Ohoho!” Angel says, standing up. He turns and walks back towards the front again, his middle finger up towards Husk as he walks away. “Fuck you, prude!”

He finds Cherri sitting in the lobby on her phone. She looks up when he walks in. “You drunk enough yet?”

“No.” Angel sighs, grabbing her hand and pulling. “Let’s go to bed.”

“What happened?” She asks, pocketing her phone.

“Nothin’, let’s just go to sleep. I’m tired.” Angel lies, successfully pulling Cherri to her feet. She follows Angel to their room without question, shooting him concerned looks while they get ready for bed.

“Husker.” Alastor’s voice appears out of the shadows before he does, and he sounds a bit pissed. “What is your issue?”

“What?” Husk asks, polishing a glass.

“What is your issue with our guests?”

Husk freezes. “Nothing.”

“Lies.”

Husk rolls his eyes, replacing the glass on the shelf. “He’s a dick.”

“He was being polite. Maybe a bit too polite. But polite nonetheless.” Alastor argues.

Husk rolls his eyes again, refusing to answer. Alastor eventually leaves, going into the back. Husk isn’t entirely sure *why* he was such a dick to Angel. In fact, he liked Angel. Quite a lot. He thought he was cute.

Maybe I’m just bad at flirting. Husk thinks to himself, sitting down. He looks around the empty hotel lobby, sighing. *Yeah, I suck at flirting.*

Chapter 4: I've Been Waiting Up All Night

Chapter Notes

Title: Diet Mountain Dew by Lana Del Rey

also! there's an anxiety attack in this one (need to add it to the tags still lol) love y'all <3

BOOM!

Angel shoots up in his bed, his heart pounding. He looks around wildly, terrified when he doesn't recognize his surroundings. Until his brain catches up to him, reminding him that he's staying at a hotel. He takes deep breaths, calming his heart. *Why did I even wake up?* He thinks, threading his hands into his hair. He was having a pleasant dream, one about having ice cream with someone with no face. So he didn't have a nightmare. So what woke him up?

BOOM!

Angel jumps. *Oh. That.* He climbs out of bed and moves to Cherri's. He shakes her gently by the shoulder before backing up. And just like he expected, Cherri shoots up, punching anything within striking distance. Angel stands a few feet away, waiting. Eventually, Cherri's brain catches up to her and she looks at Angel, confused. "The fuck you wake me up for?"

Angel opens his mouth to reply when he is suddenly interrupted.

BOOM!!

"Oh." Cherri yawns. "Must be the hurricane."

“Hurricane? Ya never said shit about a hurricane!” Angel says, his voice higher than normal. “You know how I feel ‘bout thunda.”

“What, you want me to stop it?” Cherri stands up and stretches. Her tone is harsh but she grabs Angel’s hand, instantly comforting him. “C’mon, let’s go see how bad it is.”

They walk out of their room, instantly running into Alastor and Husk talking in the hallway.

“No Husker, it’s not going to.” Alastor is saying, his voice annoyed despite his smile.

“Dude, what the f-“ Husk spots the pair, his eyes flicking from their intertwined hands back up to Angel’s face. “Hey.”

Angel looks away from him, still very mad about his stupid comment earlier that night. Alastor turns around, his smile looking more forced than ever. “Hello!”

“Yo.” Cherri yawns again. “What’s goin’ on?”

“Well, there is a hurricane,” Alastor says simply.

“Yeah, I know that, how bad is it?”

“Uh, well....” Alastor clears his throat, eyes darting around nervously. “The hotel has to be shut down.”

“Okay, well then I have to call an Uber,” Cherri says, patting down her clothes for her phone before remembering she’s wearing pajamas.

“You misunderstand me, dear. This hotel is to be shut down, with us in it.”

Angel stares at Alastor blankly. “What?”

“For up to two days.”

“WHAT?!” Angel repeats, starting to get very anxious.

He feels Cherri squeeze his hand and he squeezes back, his heart pounding. “Are you sure?” Cherri asks, her voice soft.

“Yes, I’m afraid so. We’ll be safe in here though,” Alastor assures her.

“That’s not the problem.” She mutters. “Thanks, we’ll talk to you in the morning.”

Cherri leads Angel, who is having a full-blown anxiety attack now, back to their room. “Hey Angie, take a breath. Or five.”

“We’re-“ Angel gasps for air, his eyes darting wildly around the room. “*We’re trapped!*”

“We aren’t trapped, Angel,” Cherri assures him, leading him to his bed.

“We can’t leave.” He says, scrambling onto his bed. “For two days. *We can’t leave!*”

“Angel.” Cherri sits in front of the boy, not touching him but staring directly into his eyes. “*Angel!*”

“What?!”

“Tell me five things you can see.”

Angel laughs, the sound coming out a bit hysterical. “Are ya fuckin’ serious, Cher?”

“You’re having an anxiety attack right?”

Angel tries to deny it but he can barely hear anything over the sound of his heart beating rapidly in his chest. All he can think about is the fact that he can’t leave this hotel. The fact that Cherri is here makes it better but he can’t leave. He’s trapped in a hotel with two strange men and *he can’t leave*.

“Angel. Five things.”

“Fuck okay. You. Uh, the bed.” He looks around the room desperately. “The floor. The bathroom door. The ceiling. The... is that five?”

“Yes. Four things you can feel.”

“The bed.” He runs his hands across the covers. “My clothes.” He moves his hands onto his pajamas before moving them onto his skin. “Myself.” He moves forward and puts his hand in the middle of Cherri’s face. “You.”

Cherri laughs and gently moves his hand. “Okay you dork, three things you can hear.”

“You. The fan.” He points to the ceiling fan. “Uh an-“

BOOM!

“The thunder.” He says, his voice quiet.

“Alright, two things you can smell.”

“Cinnamon and lemons,” Angel says, taking a deep breath.

“And one thing you can taste,” Cherri says finally, still staring at Angel.

Angel clicks his tongue a couple of times, making a face when he tastes metal. “Blood. I bit my tongue.”

Cherri rolls her eyes but puts a comforting hand on Angel’s knee. She knows from experience that touching him when he’s freaking out is a really bad idea but once he calms down, he wants physical affection. “Better?”

“Much.”

“Want a hug?”

“...Yes please.” Angel nods.

Cherri moves forward and hugs Angel, breathing in the scent of strawberries that he brings with him everywhere. “Want me to sleep in your bed tonight?”

Angel almost says no but another crack of thunder causes him to nod his head desperately. So Cherri gets under the covers with Angel, cuddling him in the way she knows makes him feel safe. Another crack of thunder makes Angel jump a bit in Cherri’s arms. She holds him tighter, whispering comforting words in his ear.

And Angel falls asleep feeling safe.

Chapter 5: Don't Sleep, You Gotta Stay Up

Chapter Notes

chapter title: Sky Walker by Miguel, Travis Scott

When Angel and Cherri wake up, they make their way downstairs immediately, not even bothering to get dressed.

Which means that Angel walks into the foyer in a tank top and plaid pants, his hair messy from sleep and tired eyes.

Husk thinks he might pass out.

“Alright.” Cherri sits on the couch, looking at Alastor and Husk. “What’s the plan?”

“Well,” Alastor starts, looking exactly the same as he did in the middle of the night. “As long as the power doesn’t go out we should be f-“ In some kind of cosmic punch line, the power shuts off suddenly. “Ah, fuck.”

“Well that was timed well,” Angel says sarcastically. “We should prolly find some flashlights or somethin’.”

“There should be some in a storage closet somewhere, I’m sure we’ll find those as well as some candles if we split up,” Alastor suggests from somewhere in the darkness.

Angel stands up and starts walking blindly in one direction. “Alright, let’s go.”

After about twenty minutes of wandering, Angel finds a supply closet. And a whole lot of candles. He grabs as many as he can fit in his arms and starts walking back the way he came. He had memorized the layout on the way to the closet, carefully noting every chair or turn in the way. So on the way back, he was quite confident he wasn't going to smack into anything.

Unfortunately, he didn't account for the other people in the hotel.

He didn't account for *Husker*.

Who ran into him full force, causing them both to topple over. The candles fly out of Angel's hands as he flails wildly, trying to catch himself. Instead, he somehow ends up straddling Husk, who is far too close for Angel's liking, looking at him with a horrified expression.

"Uh... hi," Angel says awkwardly.

"Get off of me." Husk growls. Angel scrambles to stand up, immediately distracting himself by collecting the candles he dropped.

"Sorry," Angel mumbles, scrambling to get as far away from Husk as possible.

"It's fine." He hears Husk grumble from somewhere in front of him.

"Didn't hurt ya, did I?" Angel asks a smile in his voice.

"You couldn't hurt me if you tried," Husk replies and Angel swears he hears a smile in his voice as well.

There's a few minutes of awkward silence, the darkness completely obscuring the usual social cues Angel uses to keep a conversation going. "I'm just gonna go back downstairs," Angel says slowly, starting to walk away.

By the time everyone gets back to the lounge, Angel and Husk have gotten separately revved up. Both of their hearts beating far faster than they would've liked.

"Alright, I see we have collected a good amount of light sources between us," Alastor says, dumping his own supply of candles on the table. Angel does the same and Husk puts a few down as well. Cherri hasn't moved an inch since they came downstairs. "Angel?"

Angel jumps at the sudden use of his name, tearing him out of rather unholy thoughts about Husker. "Yeah?" He asks, his voice an octave higher than normal.

"Are you alright?" Alastor asks slowly.

Angel nods but doesn't answer, using all the strength and will in his body to not look over at Husker.

Husk is also acting strange, tapping his foot incessantly. Alastor shoots him a glare but Husk is staring pointedly at the floor, completely unaware of his surroundings.

"Cherri," Alastor says suddenly, turning to her. She looks around before turning back to him, pointing a finger at herself. Alastor barely contains his eye roll. "Yes, *you*. Can I speak with you for a moment?"

"Sure?" She says, following Alastor into the back room.

Chapter 6: I'm Just Tryna Get You Out The Friend Zone

Chapter Notes

chapter title: The Hills by the Weeknd

alastor and cherri are scheming

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“What’s up?” Cherri asks, noting the way Alastor doesn’t shut the door completely.

“Well, Angel and Husk are off and I think I know why. I think our respective friends have caught feelings for one another.” Alastor says, pacing around the room.

“Right.”

“And it seems neither of them want to do anything about it.”

“Right,” Cherri repeats.

“So, to save us all the misery, I thought we could take matters into our own hands.” Alastor claps, coming to a stop in front of Cherri.

She smiles mischievously. “And what do you have in mind?”

Angel wants nothing more than to leave. He doesn't like being trapped in this hotel, he doesn't like storms and he *really* doesn't like being forced to be alone with Husk. Even just for a moment. The other man is pacing behind the couch, muttering to himself.

He does that a lot. Angel observes idly, watching Husk pace without really noticing that he's staring.

Husk is panicking. He likes Angel, a lot. Like maybe a bit too much for a guy he just met, but he likes him nonetheless. In the two days they've known each other, Husk has found out a few things about Angel.

1. He doesn't like thunder.
2. He really likes pink.
3. And Cherri is his best friend, *not* his girlfriend.

Husk will admit when the pair first showed up at the hotel, hand in hand, he thought they were together. Despite Angel giving off massive gay vibes. They were just so close, and Husk wanted nothing more than a reason he couldn't be with Angel. He wants to be with him, badly. But, he knows how it will end. How it always does. With him moving on from Husk, from this suffocatingly small town.

So, he needed a reason. No matter how ludicrous that reason may be. And so when Cherri and Angel walked in holding hands last night, that seemed like the perfect reason.

Until he talked to Cherri before (literally) running into Angel. He asked her about Angel, curious about him despite his gruff attitude towards him. Cherri went on and on about how amazing he is, almost perfectly solidifying Husk's safety net of denial, before saying that he's a good friend and she just wants him to find a man who will love him.

Oh fantastic, he's gay AND single. It was fantastic of course, it meant Husk has a chance. He didn't want a chance, he wanted a *reason*. A reason to stay away. A reason not to fall.

Instead he keeps getting green lights.

Angel on the other hand, is waiting for the green light to make a move. He likes Husk a lot. He's observed his interactions with Alastor from afar and the way he talks to his friends doesn't seem to be much different to how he talks to everyone else. Except, he smiles more. And the smile actually reaches his eyes.

Angel has always had the ability to call bullshit on people's facades. After all, he puts one on himself. But he can always tell, with the eyes. When the smile doesn't reach it, when the laugh is hollow, when the eyes lack the warmth of love. Angel knows.

Which is why when Husk was rude to him earlier, Angel looked right into his eyes. And saw he didn't mean a word he said. It was either a very rough attempt at flirting or a defense mechanism. Either way, he didn't mean the biting words that affected Angel far more than he was willing to let on.

Or at least, Angel hoped he didn't. After all, he had been wrong about his ex, Valentino. Angel could've sworn up and down that Val had loved him more than life, but that didn't stop him from hurting Angel if he said something he didn't like.

He seemed to have permanent rose colored glasses on for those two years. Cherri was the only one able to break them off for him.

He shakes himself out of his thoughts, glancing at Husk who is still pacing. *Maybe it isn't worth the risk.* Angel thinks suddenly, his old relationship still very fresh in his mind. Like a scar that won't stop itching from time to time.

Before he has a chance to freak himself out any more, Alastor and Cherri reappear in the room. Angel is immediately on edge, recognizing the scheming look in Cherri's eye.

"Hello, friends." Alastor says. "Cherri and I are going to go find the backup generator."

"I'll come too." Husk suggests.

Alastor smiles widely at him. "Nope."

"But, I-"

"NOPE!"

"Okay."

And with that, Alastor and Cherri walk off leaving Angel and Husk alone again.

Chapter End Notes

in case anyone is wondering, al didn't close the door all the way (in the beginning) cause he learned from husk that his presence makes people uncomfy and he didn't want cherri to feel trapped

aka:

soft alastor being neurodivergent <3

Chapter 7: I Don't Wanna Be Your Friend, I Wanna Be Your Bitch

Chapter Notes

Chapter title: i wanna be your girlfriend by girl in red

i recommend listening to: Stand By Me by Ben. E. King and I Used To Hear A Symphony by Cody Fry for this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Angel busies himself by setting up some more candles. He also finds an old radio and tries to turn it on, hoping for the best. And much to his surprise, it turns on. A jazz song, one Angel's not familiar with, starts floating out of the speakers.

Angel has always been a fan of pop, maybe some 80's songs now and again but never jazz. But even he can admit, this is catchy.

"So darlin', darlin', stand by me." The artist sings, and Angel is overcome with the urge to dance.

So he does.

He sways around the room, smiling to himself. He closes his eyes, losing himself in the feeling of the music. He lets the music take control, moving however feels right. When the song ends he opens his eyes, slightly breathless, and sees Husk staring at him wide-eyed.

"What?" Angel asks, suddenly embarrassed. He may have temporarily forgotten Husk's presence in the room as soon as the music started.

"Nothing," Husk says, clearing his throat. "You're a good dancer."

Another song starts, giving Angel more confidence than he normally has. Music has always had that effect on him, manipulating his emotions in ways he didn't want to think about. Sometimes good, sometimes really, really bad. But either way, it makes him feel something so he is more than happy to continue listening to music.

"I used to hear a simple song. That was before you came along. Now in its place is something new." Angel walks towards Husk, swaying slightly to the music. *"I hear it when I look at you."*

Angel holds his hand out, bowing slightly. "May I have this dance?" He asks, resisting the urge to giggle but smiling widely anyway.

Husk looks at his hand apprehensively but grabs it anyway. Angel pulls him forward, startling the other man. "Relax," Angel whispers playfully, grabbing one of Husk's hands and placing it on his waist. He grabs his other hand, putting his own on Husk's waist. He starts swaying to the music, gently pulling Husk along with him.

"With our simple songs, I wanted more." Angel spins around the room with Husk, smiling at him. Husk smiles back and god damn him if it isn't the most adorable thing Angel has ever seen. *"Perfection is so quick to bore."*

Angel separates from Husk, keeping a hold on one of his hands in a tight grasp as he spins the shorter man. Angel has about a foot and a half on the other man so spinning him was an easy feat. *"You are more beautiful by far."*

He stops spinning Husk, pulling him back into their original position. *"Our flaws are who we really are."*

Angel has never been described as a romantic. Hell, he's been called a lot of things, but 'cheesy' was never one of them. It's not like he's never wanted to be that stupid romantic guy who buys a boy flowers and chocolates and takes him out on dates, he's just never had a chance.

Until now.

And Angel is *not* going to let this opportunity go to waste. So as the music crescendos, Angel dips Husk and kisses him. Husk grabs Angel's face and kisses him back.

"I used to hear a simple song, that was before you came along. You took my broken melody, and now I hear a symphony."

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAAA (i love ppl in love dancing)

Chapter 8: It's Your Fault For Loving Me

Chapter Notes

chapter title: Language by Paperboy Fabe and Brent Faiyaz

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

As Husk kisses Angel back, the lights turn on. Angel breaks away from Husk, pulling him back onto his feet. They stay close to each other, staring into each other's eyes.

My life has always felt like a horror movie, is this what a rom-com feels like? Angel thinks, grinning wildly.

Husk smiles back at him. "So..." He whispers, afraid to break the atmosphere.

"So," Angel replies, just as quietly. "You wanna go out sometime?"

Husk laughs. "I thought you were leaving."

"I can think of a few reasons to stay." Angel smiles, leaning down to kiss Husk again.

And it's just as intoxicating as the first time.

They separate as Cherri and Alastor walk down the stairs, not looking the slightest bit surprised to see them standing so close. "We found the generator," Cherri says, giving a thumbs up.

"Hey Cher," Angel says, finally looking away from Husk. "How would you feel about stayin'?"

“Already looking at apartments.” Cherri laughs, holding up her phone. “We just need jobs.”

“Well, we’re hiring. Housekeeping, front desk, you know, night shift stuff.” Husk says.

Angel smiles at Cherri who returns it eagerly.

They’ve never really felt like they belonged, which never really mattered as long as they had each other. But now, feeling like they have a place and people to call home. It felt nice.

Years later, Angel will say over and over again that the thing that saved his life was a broken-down car and a hurricane.

Chapter End Notes

a lil clarification: angel and cherri didn't really have a house. they were sorta kinda maybe definitely homeless cause they never had anywhere they felt safe enough to settle down in

until now :')

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